

# Good Morning 740

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the Co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## Calling C.P.O. Ron Doyle

HELLO there, Chief Petty Officer Francis Ronald (Ronnie) Doyle. Here is all the news from No. 1 Normanton Place, Leeds, 11.

First of all the family, and your friends and relations, congratulate you on passing your last examination. They are all very pleased to hear that you are now a Chief Petty Officer. When we called at your home, your mother was busy making the dinner, and what a good meal it smelt to us!

The family are all fine, and send you their love. They had just got the photograph you sent them, and it has a place of honour on the dressing-table.

Your sister, Kathleen, and her husband, Tommy, are still living with your mother—they are still finding great difficulty in getting a house of their own. Tommy has just had his medical for the Army, and passed A.I.

Edna and her two children are

having a holiday in St. Annes at the end of August with your mother, so they are all hoping that the weather will buck up a bit. They wish they could have some of the weather that you're having out there!

Your friend, Irene, is doing fine, and she spends every weekend at your home.

Your three brothers are now in Germany, and Arthur was at home on leave just recently. Fred was also due for some leave, and they were hoping to be home together, as they haven't seen each other for fifteen years. But no such luck! However, they are hoping that they'll meet in Germany, and if not then, when they're demobbed, which ought to be soon.

Well, that's all the gen, Ronnie, except for one last word from Mum. She says the sooner you're all home the better, and then there'll be a grand family reunion.

## M'sieur, in a Temper, Invented Ferro-concrete

MONSIEUR MONIER was a good gardener. He grew his haricots with tender care; produced the most succulent of lettuces; and as for his vegetable marrows—they were such as you have never seen.

He was a careful man, pre-serving seed to sow the next year, and mending his own cold frames to save paying a carpenter or glazier.

But he had one failing. He had a violent temper.

And when things went wrong he had the habit of picking up flower pots and hurling them to the ground. Smashing flower pots seemed to relieve his feelings.

But he was a careful man, and he was distressed to find that his temper was an expensive business. Yet throwing flower pots was the one thing that pacified him.

Rather than give up the flower-pot throwing, he set about seeking some way to make flower pots for himself.

At last he hit on the idea of shaping pieces of wire-netting

from his strawberry beds and giving them coatings of cement. In his next bout of temper he seized his new flower pots and dashed them to his feet. But, to his astonishment, nothing happened—they just bounced slightly and remained whole. He tried again. But however hard he bashed the concrete pots about the garden, they didn't break.

What he did then is not recorded—whether he contented himself with throwing unbreakable flower pots or whether he had to buy the ordinary kind to bust when he got temperamental.

But if only he had realised it, he had invented something that would have paid for flower pots by the thousand.

For he had discovered ferro-concrete—the substance used in all large modern buildings. A pal of his, who was an architect, took up the idea and made a packet.

As for Monsieur Monier, he still fooled about with his haricots.

## (1) Thread Your Needle (2) Read This Article

FROM my earliest years my father was continually begging me to put a sock in it, but this is no time for fooling. This is a serious article. Attention, there, Sub-mariner Seahorse. You must take your thoughts off pin-up girls and put them on pin-up patches.

First of all, the best plan is to avoid mending and patching for as long as possible by reinforcing clothes at the places that get most wear. With some chaps these are at the elbows. Others find the seat of the trousers goes first—it all depends on whether you sit down to drink or take it leaning against the bar.

In any case, if you get a bit of cloth and sew it inside the part of the garment that gets most use, it will save you much trouble later on.

And this is how it is done. Cut your cloth large enough to cover the spot, with a bit over all round. Taking needle and thread, sew the east and west sides down to the lining, after turning in about a quarter of an inch all along so that the edges shall not fray.

The hemming stitch is best for this, unless you are using woven cloth or flannel, when the herring-bone stitch is favoured by the experts. It looks prettier, too, though nobody cares a darn for nobody will see it.

BY COMPASS.

Having completed from east

to west, you do likewise from north to south. The patch should not be stretched tightly to the lining, otherwise it may give when the part is stretched in wear.

You now have more strength to your elbow, or, if it's trousers, a false bottom.

Seams can be strengthened by sewing strong tape along the bits that are likely to get the most strain.

A strip of leather or very

If the fraying is deeper, allow more than a quarter-inch. Turn the hem up on the inside so as to make the turn-up the same depth as before. You'll need an iron to press the old crease out.

The edges of sleeves can be treated in the same way. So can frayed collars.

Patching is a job every sailor lad can do. Find a bit of material and cut it so that it is about an inch larger all

Cut away the old material from the inner side, close up the darning, and Bob's your uncle!

A simpler, but not so classy, patch can be achieved by placing the bit of cloth round the hole from the inside and sewing all round. Snip up from each corner of the hole on the right (or outer) side, and trim away all ragged edges. Then turn in one-eighth of an inch and sew all round.

SHIRTY.

Patching shirts can be great fun, because you needn't run round trying to find a bit of cloth to do the job. It can be cut from some other and less often seen part of the garment: a piece from the tail, where it won't be missed, for instance.

You can always replace it at some future date by a piece from an old shirt, or someone else's pocket-handkerchief.

If the shirt has got a hole in the front, cut a nice piece of material from the tail and fit it over the neck-band, yoke and front hem. Unpick the two latter, and seeing that the pattern matches exactly, pin it into position. Fold in the straight edges of the patch about a quarter of an inch and sew in neatly.

Then, taking scissors, trim the patch to the shape of the

This is the first of two articles to help you mend, darn and make do, written by D. N. K. BAGNALL, who got it from his wife who got it from the Board of Trade

tough material sewn inside the back of a trouser leg, along the edge, will stop it fraying against the back of the boot.

If the trouser leg has already frayed, it can be fixed with a strip of material sewn along the bottom, but a much more satisfactory job is to unpick the hem inside the leg and turn it down; make a new crease about a quarter of an inch above the old one which formed the top of the turn-up.

This quarter-inch is to allow for turning the frayed bottom edges to the inside of the leg.

round than the hole it has got to cover.

Place the patch over the hole so that the threads of the patch run the same way as the garment. Sew diagonally (N.W. to S.E., and N.E. to S.W.) with a light and daring hand to within an inch of each corner. Then (and here's the cunning bit) weave a darning needle into the garment in line with the frayed thread, thread it through the frayed end, and draw it through.

Do this with each frayed end in turn. Trim off the ends.

## Blue eyes wait for A.B. Peter Strangward

WHATEVER the season there'll be a Christmas Party for you when you get back to School House, Norfolk St. Cambridge, A.B. Peter Strangward. Your mother told us this when we called one evening, and she added that there will be the trimmings, including a pudding and chicken.

Yet another embellishment will be your blue-eyed little niece, Elizabeth. She was seven-and-a-half months' old when we called, and had just cut her first tooth.

You are now the only important person who hasn't seen her, and your sister, Peggy, and Mum and Dad all hope this state of affairs won't go on much longer.

Although Elizabeth was asleep in her cot when first we went upstairs, she woke up, and was soon smiling and trying to sit up when she realised that all the fuss was over her. She immediately became affectionate towards her sailor doll Jack, so you may, if you wish, take this as an omen regarding the future relationship between Elizabeth and you.

Somebody else whom you will want to have at the big celebration, will be your wife from Scotland. She is in very good health, and your mother and father hear regularly from her. They are hoping, in addition, to go to visit her very soon.

Of the other folk you knew, all are well and send their regards to you.

Your pal, Lawrie Jakes, was home on a short leave when we called at his home to get some news, but we didn't manage to see him because he was making the most of it by taking his wife to a



dance one night and to the Newmarket races on the next day.

However, as it was he who gave us your address, you may be sure he is looking forward to hearing from you and seeing you again.

Anyway, everyone at home hopes you will soon be following his example, and that of "Flab," who is now home from Germany, and very, very glad to be back.

When you do return, Mrs. Spinks is wondering if you will start doing her papers again! She still remembers the help you used to give her, and sends all her good wishes for your speedy homecoming.

According to your sister, that occasion will no doubt call for one of those widespread visits to all the pubs in the district to find out who is home, not forgetting a visit to "Tosh's." Everyone is looking forward to seeing you and your wife there.

All the same, to us there doesn't seem any pressing necessity for a visit to "Tosh's" when you have a mother who makes such excellent intoxicants herself.

It was your father who mentioned this speciality, and your

mother asked us to try some of her wurzel wine. We did, and from then on our notes went all "Haywire." We wrote down the recipe and left School House murmuring things like "four gallons of lemons; two wurzels," and "boil till tender in three gallons of sugar."

Yes, you have certainly got a grand party coming to you, Peter, so don't keep the folks waiting too long. Young Elizabeth is liable to get tired of her sailor doll and want the real thing!

## BEGGAR QUEEN

DUNDEE has a Queen of Beggars. She is 87-years-old Mrs. Alexander Tough, of Downfield, the city's best-known collector on behalf of prisoners or war, and she has raised a total of £6,200 since 1939.

Mrs. Tough, who organised her collections in works and business establishments throughout the city, had a wonderful reputation in the past war, when the amount she gathered was much in excess of £6,200.

But she never knew the exact figure, as it was not counted.

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Er, as I warned you a few minutes ago, see 'ow easy it is to tear the cloth?"

neck and front; from the wrong (or inner) side.

Cut away the worn part of the shirt, leaving a quarter-inch turning-in from the stitches.

A good housewife (aren't they all?) will now blanket-stitch the turnings and sew the front hem back into position—but heaven knows what you'll do. Then, turning to the right (or outer) side of the shirt, stitch in the top layer of the neck-band. Hem the lining of the neck-band down.

You now have a natty new front to one side of the shirt, instead of a 'orrible 'ole. We hope.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit

So write and tell us what you really think about "GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—

"Good Morning"

c/o Dept. of C.N.I.,

Admiralty, London, S.W.1.



# "Them Beans Turned Out Bad"

JAMAICA Joe stood near the bulwarks, his long thin arms more trace than a few bubbles swung inboard. He went down without leaving language of Evans and the case. Several times he was forced to make two trips for one box, resting on the warm rounded top-plank. He was dressed in a pair of cotton shorts only. Round his waist was his thin leather belt, speed. He landed on a shelf of coral, crouched on all fours for a moment, up!"

The schooner had been brought up until she was almost directly beside the wreck he broke off over the submerged barque. The tongues of deer-horn coral at tide had turned now and there was every step and small spirals of below, less than ten fathoms, trailed upward. When he reached the bow of the wreck he stopped. He was in deep shadow and could not be seen from the deck of the schooner fast as they came up, Evans above, but he had a view of submarine beauty which only skin divers ever see.

Round her sides coral shelves and corses spread quivering under the slight movement of the water.

She had not lain long down there, that was evident at a glance. Her hatches were open and easy of access. Her masts had been snapped off, but the rigging had all floated away on the tide.

Large bream swam to and fro in a hurry, showing the pink edges of their scales. King-fishes shot across the coral here and there, the females green as grass, the males turquoise and gaudy.

Jamaica Joe stirred himself at a glance, but he had no time for and glanced round at the preparations that had been made on deck for his operations. The tackle into the hatch in the waist, for hoisting the bean cases was fastened his line round a case and ready, the coloured crew were waiting for orders. Fatty Stinnes was standing in the waist. Evans on the fore-castle. They had all moment.

He reached the fresh air sooner than the case. A large float had been lowered for him to rest on when he came up, and he sat breathing hard, his feet dangling in the water, as the case swung up above his head. He heard the skipper's voice rap out some orders; then came the profane

language of Evans and the case. Several times he was forced to make two trips for one box, resting on the warm rounded top-plank. He was dressed in a pair of cotton shorts only. Round his waist was his thin leather belt, speed. He landed on a shelf of coral, crouched on all fours for a moment, up!"

And Joe kept it up. He went down time after time until daylight faded and each time he sent aloft at least one case.

There was little work to get at the cargo, and only once or twice had he to use a hatchet to break open the planks or remove an obstruction.

The cases were stowed away as fast as they came up, Evans standing watch over the crew and making them work at a speed they did not relish. When he came up for the last time that day Jamaica Joe went to his cuddy and put on his clothes quietly.

A meal had been prepared for him by a cook-substitute, and as he ate it beside his stove Stinnes and Evans looked in at the door.

At daybreak he was up again and started his terrible day's effort.

All day long, with few rests, his black figure swam in and out of the gloomy shades cast by the wreck and the coral forest.

Once or twice he was down longer than Stinnes cared for, and once Evans, standing on the fore-castle of the schooner, declared that the diver had gone down the companion leading to the barque's cabin; but Joe sent up the huge boxes with regularity which increased.

There was still more cargo to be taken out of the barque when the second day closed. The third day Joe was longer out. The skipper was on the poop beside the binnacle.

## Continuing the sea adventure JAMAICA JOE—GALOOT

"Ready f'r duty, suh," reported accounts of this trip. You were to be paid two dollars a box for them

"All right. Get some supper beans. We brought up about a hundred boxes. That means we 'Yaas, suh. An' could I hab owe you two hundred dollars—"

"Scuse me, suh," said Joe. "Yo done count wrong. Guess I took tab ob dem boxes—"

The mate rose hurriedly as if he was about to throw Joe out of the cabin, but Stinnes laid his hands on Evans' arm restrainingly.

"Just a moment, Bud. Don't hit him. Joe and me can handle this affair. All right, Joe, maybe I was wrong in the count, but I'll settle that when we get to Tortuga. I'll leave your money in the hands of a saloon keeper I know, and he'll see you get a passage to Jamaica. In a Just leave it to me. That's all right, Joe."

Joe nodded and left the cabin. When he went back to clear the wreck. The lid had been forced and a gilt capsule lay on the table.

"Joe," said Stinnes, "me and Mr. Evans hev bin goin' into the

4. For what do the letters D.V. stand?

5. If you knew a Mr. Bet-hune, how would you pronounce his name?

6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Triple, Triplex, Tripery, Triplicate, Treble.

## Answers to Quiz in No. 739

1. H. G. Wells.
2. Four.
3. Yes—plenty.
4. Companion of the Bath.
5. Bee-chum.
6. Knife is an edged implement; others are not.

## QUIZ for today

1. What famous American mystery story writer had "Edgar Allan" for his first names?

2. How many wings has a fly?

3. When and by whom were all Jews banished from England?

## In the Wash

WASHING days weren't the terror of the housewife in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts as they became later on.

For one thing, much of the clothing was of a heavy texture which could be worn for a very long time without looking so soiled that it had to be attended to.

With our ancestors, it was not thought necessary to wash garments until they looked so bad that something had to be done about it.

Even then, it was more likely that the dyer would be employed to cover up stains and greasemarks rather than the laundrywoman to wash them out.

Another reason was that there were not so many articles of dress. In those days both the well-to-do and the poorer people relied upon thick coats and dresses to keep them warm—velvet and silks for the wealthy; coarse wool for the ordinary man and woman.

Neither My Lady, paying a visit in her carriage, nor Mary, the village lass, going out to milk the cows, wore underclothes.

What washing was done was mostly carried out in streams and rivers, for there was no tap-turning for water in the houses of town or village.

Not infrequently the women of the towns did their washing at the common wells from which drinking water and water for cooking was also drawn.

This was sometimes too much for the stomachs of the townsfolk, and by-laws were passed forbidding the practice to be carried on. This happened at Leicester in 1467 and at Lyme in 1608.

In order to overcome the difficulties this unreasonable squeamishness forced upon them, the women would subscribe towards the cost of a large wooden tub, in which they would place their individual contributions to the wash.

Then, after the water from the well had been poured into the tub, the ladies, with dresses tucked up so that they would not get wet, would dance inside the tub to trample out the dirt. In this way they also got their feet clean.

Washing at the riverside was an even simpler process. Having dipped the garments into the water, the women would lay them on a handy stone or piece of wood and beat them until they were satisfied they were clean.

The absence of soap of any kind made this a laborious and often not entirely successful effort.

No wonder that the family man wore his clothes as long as possible between laundings.

D.N.K.B.

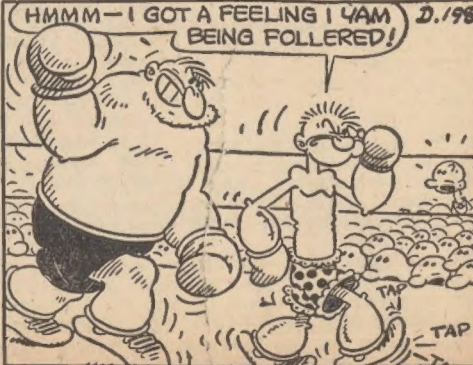
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE





Wangling Words No. 678

- 1. Behead a value and get a cereal.
- 2. In the following proverb both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Yaw a 'sheret hewer a 'strehe liwl.
- 3. What common metal can be written in capital letters consisting entirely of straight lines?
- 4. The two missing words contain the same letters in different order: The antique was also — of the village band.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 677

- 1. E-scatlop.
- 2. Cicely can't count accurately.
- 3. FIFE.
- 4. Curtsy, crusty.

JANE

Jamaica Joe—Galoot

(Continued from Page 2)

But, as he sat blinking at the shore and burying them deep were hidden under the sand and so's they don't harm anybody, the crew returned. Joe had Maybe they'll be all right in a came back.

There was no time wasted. The schooner was brought up to the side they'd only kill the fish, wind and once more ran before the and the fish never did us any rising wind. All day she fought against the squall. Evans and so's he kin sleep."

He glanced sideways at the retreating figure of the skipper as the latter went down the companion.

There was no one else on deck by this time. The crew had gone below, glad to get a sleep. The mate had retired after seeing that the lights were hung out.

(To be concluded).

"Well, we're putting them cases After several hours the cases as the skipper approached. "Packing up, Joe?" "Yaas, suh. Gettin' ready f'r lanin'. When can I git ashore, suh? Dis is Tortuga, ain't it?" "Why don't you get to sleep, Joe?"

"I'se watchin' de ship dis watch, Relievin' de bosun, suh, so's he kin sleep."

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Solution to Puzzle in No. 739.

- 1. f u M e s
- 2. d r i v e
- 3. r o S e s
- 4. m o T o r
- 5. f r A m e
- 6. b a K e s
- 7. d r E a m



Parliament Factory

IF Guy Fawkes had wandered round the basement of the Houses of Parliament during the war he would have come across some strange goings on. For, as has just been revealed, Parliament had its own factory beneath the Central Hall, where part-time workers manufactured precision instruments for use in the air war.

Wives of Cabinet Ministers, policemen, members of the staff—including the kitchen staff—firemen, civil servants, young girls, men over seventy years of age, retired Army officers, Parliamentary counsel, and many others concerned in the less talkative side of Parliamentary life, gave their services to the job.

In 1944 alone, 74,000 man-hours were spent at the machinery installed in the underground factory.

Over 1,000,000 pieces of work were turned out at this miniature workshop, and during the buzz-bomb raids, special instruments were completed in record time and rushed to the coastal areas for use against this new and disturbing form of warfare.

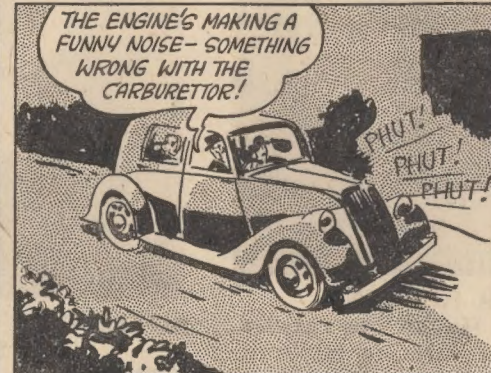
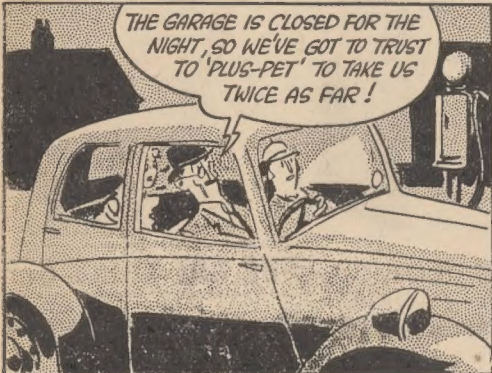
The factory was set up soon after the fall of Singapore in 1942.

To equip it with the necessary machinery, concrete emplacements had to be laid and cranes set up to lower heavy machines into the vaults.

The existence of the factory was a well-kept secret, and the workers observed a strict silence as to the site of their part-time war work

D.N.K.B.

RUGGLES



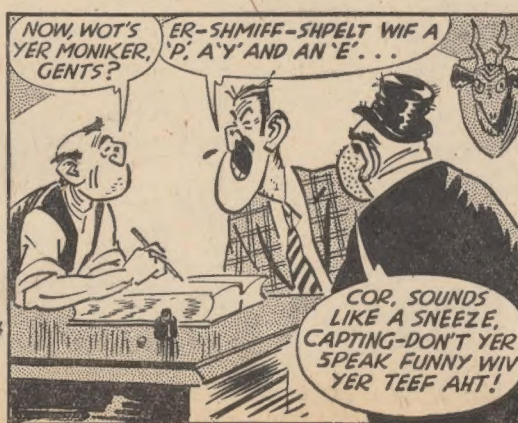
CROSS-WORD CORNER

ROAD BLOATS  
ENGINE WRAP  
LYRE SALINE  
AXE BOG AND  
T ENAMEL I  
ENDOW NIECE  
I BLADES X  
LEG EVA TIP  
ALLUDE BALE  
PLUS RIOTER  
POTENT NEXT

GARTH



JUST JAKE



CLUES ACROSS.—1 Portion of opera. 6 Break out. 10 Top. 12 Regret. 13 Close to. 14 Tree. 15 Hostel. 16 Textile fabric. 18 Controls. 20 In good order. 22 Scottish river. 23 Old. 25 Meadows. 28 In place. 30 Permit. 32 Terminate. 33 Expensive. 34 Resound. 37 Cold. 39 Musical note. 40 Indigent. 41 Part of shoe. 43 Girl's pet name. 44 Idler.

CLUES DOWN.—1 Sharp. 2 Highland fighter. 3 Former. 4 Pinch. 5 In. 6 Green. 7 Kind of acid. 8 Boat. 9 Tight. 11 Single group. 17 Farm animals. 19 Watch. 21 Shooting stars. 24 Study. 26 Drink. 27 Sailor. 28 Absurd. 29 Mine entrance. 31 Rubbish. 33 Colour worker. 35 Murmur. 36 Climber. 38 Fish. 42 Company.



# Good Morning



**THIS ENGLAND.** There is a hill in Surrey, Leith Hill is the name, and they argue in the "local" whether it is the highest in the county, and on its southern slope nestles this tiny village, Coldharbour is its name, and they argue in the "local" whether it is the prettiest village in Surrey. As for us, we never argue, we just drink the beer!



## PANT-PRESSING PARLOUR FOR HEROES.

Seems, before the Canadians go to "Buck House" to receive their gongs, they drop into Uncle Fred's valeting parlour, at the Beaver Club in the Mall, to smarten up a bit. Here you see four heroes caught with their pants down!



## BULL-DOG MAKES ELECTION SPEECH.

"There was a time when I came to the microphone and promised you only blood, toil, tears and sweat. The war is over. I can modify my language. To-day, I promise you blood, toil, tears and—perspiration."



**NO ERMINE CLOAK WITHOUT A THORN.** Our first reaction was a desire to crush desirable Marguerite Chapman in her ermine-lined cloak and watch her toss her unmanageable mane. Then we spotted those roses—and pity entered our hard heart. Consider the idea scratched!

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Isn't Marguerite armed with claws, then?"



## CATCHING TURTLES.

There is an odd piece of folk-lore that says, if you turn a turtle on its back it can't get away. Well, to these old eyes, Ilona Massey looks like an old shell-back—and as she's turned turtle, Bob's your uncle!